Succeſſe or loſſe, what is, or is not, ſerues
As ſtuffe for theſe two to make paradoxes.
Neſtor. And in the imitation of theſe twaine,
Who as *Vliſſes* ſayes opinion crownes,
With an imperiall voyce: many are infect,
Aiax is growne ſelfe-wild, and beares his head
In ſuch a reyne, in full as proud a place
As broad *Achilles*: keepes his Tent like him,
Makes factious feaſts, railes on our ſtate of warre,
Bould as an Oracle, and ſets *Therſites*
A ſlaue, whoſe gall coynes ſlanders like a mint,
To match vs in compariſons with durt,
To weaken our diſcredit, our expoſure
How ranke ſo euer rounded in with danger.
Vliſſes. They taxe our pollicie, and call it cowardice,
Count wiſdome as no member of the warre,
Forſtall preſcience, and eſteeme no act
But that of hand; the ſtill and mentall parts,
That do contriue how many hands ſhall ſtrike,
When fitneſſe calls them on, and know by meaſure
Of their obſeruant toyle the enemies waight,
Why this hath not a fingers dignitie,
They call this bed-worke, mappry, Cloſet warre,
So that the Ram that batters downe the wall,
For the great ſwinge and rudeneſſe of his poiſe,
They place before his hand that made the engine,
Or thoſe that with the fineſſe of their ſoules,
By reaſon guide his execution.
Neſt. Let this be granted, and *Achilles* horſe
Makes many *Thetis* ſonnes,
Agam. What trumpet? looke *Menelaus*.
Mene. From Troy.
Agam. What would you fore our tent.
Æne. Is this great *Agamemnons* tent I pray you?
Agam. Euen this.
Æne. May one that is a Herrald and a Prince,
Do a faire meſſage to his Kingly eyes?
Agam. With ſurety ſtronger then *Achilles* arme,

Fore

Fore all the Greekiſh heads, which with one voice,
Call *Agamemnon* head and generall.
Æne. Faire leaue and large ſecurity, how may
A ſtranger to thoſe moſt imperiall lookes,
Know them from eyes of other mortals?
Agam. How?
Æne. I, I aske that I might waken reuerence,
And bid the cheeke be ready with a bluſh, (*Phœbus*
Modeſt as morning, when ſhee coldly eyes the youthful
Which is that god, in office guiding men,
Which is the high and mighty *Agamemnon*.
Agam. This Troyan ſcornes vs, or the men of Troy,
Are ceremonious Courtiers,
Æne. Courtiers as free as debonaire, vnarm'd
As bending Angels, thats their fame in peace:
But when they would ſeeme ſoldiers, they haue galls,
Good armes, ſtrong ioints, true ſword, & great *Ioues* accor
Nothing ſo full of heart: but peace *Æneas*,
Peace Troyan, lay thy finger on thy lips,
The worthineſſe of praiſe diſtaines his worth,
If that the praiſd him-ſelfe bring the praiſe forth.
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blowes, that praiſe ſole pure tranſcends.
Agam. Sir you of Troy, call you your ſelfe *Æneas*?
Æne. I Greeke, that is my name.
Agam. Whats your affaires I pray you?
Æne. Sir pardon, 'tis for *Agamemnons* eares.
Aga. He heeres naught priuately that comes from Tro
Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whiſper with him,
I bring a trumpet to awake his eare,
To ſet his ſeat on that attentiue beat,
And then to ſpeake.
Agam. Speake frankly as the winde,
It is not *Agamemnons* ſleeping houre;
That thou ſhalt know Troyan he is awake,
Hee tels thee ſo himſelfe.
Æne. Trumpet blowe alowd,
Send thy braſſe voyce through all theſe lazie tents,